

The History of

Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,
And shewd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to mee.
Prince. O God, they did mee too much iniurie,
That euer said, I hearkned to your death:
If it were so, I might haue let alone
The insulting hand of *Douglas* ouer you,
Which would haue beene as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous potions in the world,
And sau'd the trecherous labour of your Sonne.
King. Make vp to *Clifton*, Ile to *S. Nicholas Gawsey* Exit.

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*?
Prince. Thou speakst, as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is *Harry Percy*.
Prince. Why then I see a very valiant Rebelle of that name,
I am the *Prince of Wales*; and thinke not, *Percy*,
To share with mee in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Spheare,
Nor can one *England* brooke a double raigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the *Prince of Wales*.
Hot. Now shall it *Harry*: for the houre is come,
To end the one of vs; and would to God,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.
Prince. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all thy budding Honours on thy Crest
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.
They fight. *Enter Falstaffe.*
Fals. Well said, *Hal*, to it, *Hal*. Nay, you shall finde no Boyes
play heere, I can tell you.

*Enter Douglas: he fights with Falstaffe, he falls downe as if
if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.*

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou hast robd mee of my youth:
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
Then those proud Titles thou hast won of mee,
They wound my thoughts worse then the word my flesh:
But

Henry the Fourth.

But thought's the slaue of life, and life, times foole,
And Time that takes suruey of all the world,
Must haue a stop. O, I could prophesie,
But that the Earth, and cold hand of Death
Lies on my tongue: no *Percy*, thou art dust,
And food for

Prince. For Worms, braue *Percy*. Fare thee well, great heart,
Ill weau'd Ambition: how much art thou shrunke?
When that this body did containe a spirit,
A Kingdome for it, was too small a bound,
But now two paces of the vilest Earth,
Is roome enough: this earth that beares thee dead,
Beares not aloue so stout a Gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesie,
I should not make so great a shew of zeale;
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my selfe
For doing these faire rites of tenderesse.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to Heauen,
Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembered in thy Epitaph.

He spieth Falstaffe on the ground.

What, old acquaintance, could not all this flesh
Keepe in a little life? poore *Iacke*, farewell;
I could haue better spar'd a better man;
O, I should haue a heauy misse of thee,
If I were much in loue with vanitie;
Death hath not strooke so faire a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody fray,
Imboweld will I see thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lie.

Falstaffe riseth vp.

Fals. Imboweld? if thou imbowell me today, Ile giue you
leane to powder me, and eate mee too to morrow. Zounds, 'twas
time to counterfeit, or that hot Termagant Scot had payd mee
scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit: to die is to
bee a counterfeit, for hee is but the counterfeit of a man, who
hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man
thereby